

# Eightball

Number Seven

\$2.75  
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CANADA



In this issue:

Like a velvet  
Glove Cast  
in Iron

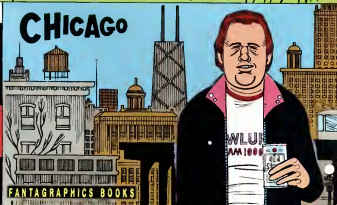


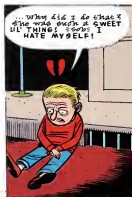
Art School  
CONFIDENTIAL

And more!



## CHICAGO



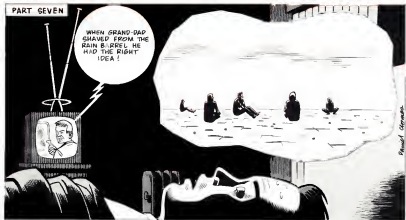


# LIKE A VELVET GLOVE CAST IN IRON



PART SEVEN

WHEN GRAND-DAD  
SHAVED FROM THE  
RAIN BARREL HE  
HAD THE RIGHT  
IDEA!





















THE GUY WHO WOULD KNOW  
ALL THIS STUFF IS MISTER  
ONE THOUSAND... HIS  
WRITINGS FROM THE THIRTIES  
AND FORTIES ARE THE ONLY  
REAL SOURCE OF INFORMATION  
WE HAVE... I HAVEN'T BEEN AT  
THIS FOR AS LONG AS BILLINGS  
BUT HE--

DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S  
WHERE WE'RE GOING NOW?  
THIS MAP SAYS "1000"  
ON IT.

SCREEEECH!

WHAT?!

LOOK...

GON OF A-- I DIDN'T  
SEE THAT AT ALL! I  
THOUGHT THAT WAS AN  
ARROW AND THREE  
TREES! ...WOW!

I MEAN, IT MAKES SENSE...  
BILLINGS STOLE THE DOG  
FROM A FREAK SHOW BECAUSE  
HE BELIEVED IT HAD ONCE  
BELONGED TO MR. ONE  
THOUSAND... I TOLD HIM TO  
SHAVE THAT DOG!



MAN, IF BILLINGS FINDS  
OUT HE HAD A MAP TO  
MR. ONE THOUSAND'S HOUSE  
RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE  
FOR ALL THOSE YEARS...  
AND I GET THERE FIRST!  
OH BOY!

WHY WOULD MR. ONE  
THOUSAND STILL BE IN THE SAME  
PLACE AS WHEN HE HAD  
THAT DOG? WASN'T THAT A  
LONG TIME AGO? HE'S  
PROBABLY DEAD IF HE WAS  
WRITING IN THE THIRTIES...









# ONE WAG TENDERS

Office: EIGHTBALL  
2140 SHATTUCK AVE.  
#2107  
BERKELEY, CA. 94704

BEFORE READING THIS LETTER COLUMN PLEASE OBSERVE ONE MINUTE OF SILENCE IN MEMORY OF THE GREAT MR. GRISEL -- R.I.P.

"My letter was sent back because I misread your lettering (the 4 looked like a 9). The same day I got the letter Jack I read in the EIGHTBALL JOURNAL that you were nominated for a Harvey award for lettering! In light of that bit you did with Nat Eisenberg (#346-XL) there's a double irony!

Mike Parlette  
Fair Oaks, Ca.

"Was wondering... is it Circus or else? Funny for comic or horror? ... Did I mention that you are a white male and I hate you?"

Bruce Schindler  
Seattle, Wa.

"Just influence on the free art world is all-encompassing. Imagine my shock in discovering the German "Value Artist" advertisement."

James McNew  
LA THRU  
Brooklyn, NY.

ALL SPIEL UNTER DER



"Needless to say, I was quite surprised to see your work in a new mag. I certainly appreciate the effort you put into E-BALL and I know that the guy isn't enough to keep your head above water but really, doing propaganda for a depot isne head!"

Joe Kroid  
College Pt., NY



NEW!



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## EIGHTBALL #1's 1-11



Get 'em while you  
can... or one day  
you'll ask  
"What? What?  
Oh dear  
God, why?"

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for 4 issues \$10.00

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## LIKE A VELVET GLOVE CAST IN IRON

4 color silkscreen print signed & #4 by D. Lowes

\$80.00  
P.P.D.



THEY ALL THOUGHT I WAS IN ART SCHOOL TO LEARN THE VARIOUS TECHNIQUES OF SELF-EXPRESSION PURSUANT TO A CAREER IN THE VISUAL ARTS -- AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED 'EM TO THINK! ACTUALLY, I WAS THERE AS A FREELANCE UNDERCOVER AGENT IN ORDER TO LEARN FIRST HAND THE SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT THE BIGGEST SCAM OF THE CENTURY!

THE STORY THAT...

BLOWS THE LID OFF A MILLION-DOLLAR RACKET!

# ART SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL



By D. Clonard, B.T.A.

SEE

RICH GUYS WHO DRAW WORSE THAN YOUR SEVEN YEAR-OLD SISTER!



HAS-BEEN FAMOUS-ARTIST PROFESSORS WHO COULDN'T TEACH A DOG TO BARK!

SELF-OBSESSED NEUROTIC ART-GIRLS WHO MAKE THEIR OWN CLOTHES!



IN THE OLD DAYS, ART SCHOOLS TAUGHT PRACTICAL TECHNIQUES TO THE EAGER, DEDICATED FEW WHO POSSESSED THE TEMPERAMENT TO KEEP UP WITH A DEMANDING CURRICULUM...

THIS IS A PHOTO AIRBRUSHING CLASS, MISTER -- IF YOU WANT TO DO THAT PICASSO STUFF, GO TO PARIS!



TODAY, ANYONE WITH A TRUST FUND CAN EXCEL IN CLASSES THAT ARE LITTLE MORE THAN VAGUE PEP-TALKS DESIGNED TO KEEP ENROLLMENT UP BY TRICKING STUDENTS INTO BELIEVING THEY HAVE "POTENTIAL."

I THINK THIS IS NICE... KEEP GOING IN THIS DIRECTION... WHAT DO YOU THINK, CLASS?

NICE... NICE... NICE... KEEP GOING IN THAT DIRECTION.



THE TEACHERS ARE NOT THERE TO HELP YOU. MOST OF THEM ARE STILL FREELANCERS AND THE LAST THING THEY WANT IS MORE COMPETITION. THEY ARE THERE BECAUSE THEY NEED A STEADY PAY-CHECK AND THEY HOPE TO SCORE SOME PUSSEY!



THERE ARE TWO REASONS TO GO TO ART SCHOOL: 1) NO WORK 2) LOOSE WOMEN.

NUTS! I FORGOT TO DO MY HOMEWORK AGAIN! ...LET'S SEE... I GUESS I COULD HAND IN MY TOOTHBRUSH AS A CONCEPTUAL STATEMENT ABOUT CONSUMERISM...



AND BELIEVE ME, BEAUTIFUL ART-SCHOOL GIRLS ARE REAL TROUBLE... DON'T EVEN GET ME STARTED!

I CAN'T HAVE SEX WITH YOU ANYMORE. I'VE GOT TO CHANNEL ALL THAT ENERGY INTO MY POTTERY.

SIGH

I HATE MY MOTHER.

I THINK I'LL PAINT MY ROOM BLACK.

HE DESERVES IT!

UNFORTUNATELY, MOST OF THE GALS WHO GO TO ART-SCHOOL ARE SUPER-LAZY (WHICH IS WHY 60% OF THE GUYS TURN GAY BY THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS VACATION.)

♪ I WANNA BE YOUR DOG ♪

I WANNA BE YOUR DOG!

YOU AND WHAT ARMY?!



DON'T HOLD ANY FALSE NOTIONS ABOUT THE NUDE MODELS, EITHER... VOGUE COVER-GIRLS DON'T WORK THE 'ART-SCHOOL CIRCUIT.'



CERTAIN RECURRING CHARACTER-TYPES APPEAR IN EVERY ART-SCHOOL CLASS... THERE'S THE TECHNOLOGICAL WIZARD...

THIS IS VERY NICE, CAROL...

YOU DIDN'T PLUG IT IN!



THE HOPELESS CASE...

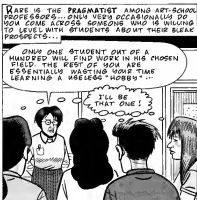
AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S A REALISTIC PORTRAIT OF ACTOR JAMES BARNER DONE IN A STYLE REMINISCENT OF THE FLEMISH MASTERS BLAH BLAH ETC.



JOE PRO...

MY PROJECT IS GONNA BE A LITTLE LATE, MR. BOGGS... I HAD TO DO SOME ILLUSTRATIONS FOR NEWSWEEK OVER THE WEEKEND...





BELIEVE ME, THERE ARE WORKS OF "ART" I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO SEE AGAIN...

LIKE THIS POINTILLIST CLOWN DRAWING...



OR RICH HOFFMAN'S SELF - PORTRAIT...



I CAN'T BEGIN TO DO JUSTICE TO THIS AMAZING PIECE OF ART!

OR ANYTHING BY THIS ACNE-RIDDEN METALHEAD FROM LONG ISLAND WHOSE NAME I FORGET (LENNY SOMETHING)



NEST DRAWINGS OF PIN-UP GIRLS COPIED FROM GALLERY MAGAZINE

IF YOU'RE IN ART SCHOOL, BRING A CAMERA TO CLASS AND USE IT! GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR TUITION DOLLAR!

IF YOU DECIDE TO STICK IT OUT FOR ALL FOUR YEARS YOU'LL HAVE ONE OF THESE TWO FABULOUS JOBS TO LOOK FORWARD TO

1.) RETAIL SALES IN ART SUPPLY STORE...



3GRUNTS

2.) ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR (I.E. PASTE-UP ARTIST)



HOPE I DIE SOON.

REMEMBER, THE ONLY PIECE OF PAPER LESS VALUABLE THAN ONE OF YOUR PAINTINGS IS A B.F.A. DEGREE.



SIZZLE

YOU COULD ALWAYS PUT IN A FEW MORE YEARS AND BECOME AN ART TEACHER YOURSELF (STEADY PAYCHECK, PUSSY, ETC.)



YOU

ANYWAY, YOU GET THE PICTURE...YOU'VE BEEN WARNED...I'VE DONE MY JOB... ONE FINAL WORD OF CAUTION: NEVER MENTION CARTOONING IN ART SCHOOL BECAUSE IT IS MINDLESS AND CONTEMPTIBLE AND COMPLETELY UNSUITABLE AS A CAREER GOAL!



2SIGHT I WAS REALLY HOPING FOR SOMETHING MORE SUBSTANTIAL FROM YOU!

DOES ANY ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PLUMBING TEXTBOOKS

DIG! DIG! LIND!

END.

# Chicago

25 Parody House



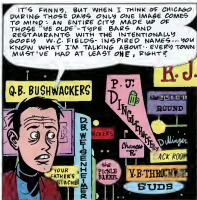
YEP! THIS IS MY HOME TOWN! THE WINDY CITY! HOME OF THE UNION STOCKYARDS, THE WISLEY BUILDING AND DICK THE BRUIER... BIRTHPLACE OF MRS. O'LEARY'S COW, PLAYBOY MAGAZINE AND THE 8-HOUR WORK DAY... CHICAGO, EL-A-NOY...

WHERE THE MIGHTY WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN COME FREEZING INTO THAT SLEELY FLOWING SHAMROCK SHAKE CALLED THE CHICAGO EVER... WHERE MEN HAVE MADE UP FOR GOD'S OVERSIGHT BY CREATING THEIR OWN TERRAIN OF STEEL AND MORTAR ON THESE MIDWESTERN PLAINS...

LONG HAS OUR TOWN BEEN A SEEDBED OF VIOLENCE... FROM THE WOMAN CONVENTION TO THE HAMMARKET RIOTS OUR POLITICAL IDEAS, WHETHER EMANATING FROM CITY HALL OR BRUSHWEG SQUARE HAVE BEEN HEARD BY THE EARS OF AN ENVIOUS WORLD...

OF COURSE, CHICAGO IS ALSO KNOWN FOR SOME OTHER THINGS... LIKE POLITICAL CORRUPTION, A GEDARD-LIKE POLICE FORCE AND THAT UN-GODLY NAGAL TWANG... NOT TO MENTION AL CAPONE, RICHARD SPECK, JOHN WAYNE GACY, LEOPOLD AND LOEB AND THE 3319 BLACK BOX...





THIS ATTITUDE FIRST SURFACED WITH THE 1960 (?) RELEASE OF THE "BLUES BROTHERS" MOVIE AND CRYSTALLIZED WHEN, IN THE MID-'80'S THE CUBS, BEARS, ETC. ACTUALLY STARTED WINNING. WE WEREN'T SUPERSTAR GLAMOUR-BOSS, JUST COMMON FOLKS WHO COULD KICK ASS IF NEED BE. A SAMNESS DEVELOPED...



HOLLYWOOD CREATED PERSONALITIES WHO SYMBOLIZED THIS BURGEONING AESTHETIC... THE QUINTESSENTIAL EXAMPLE OF THIS GENRE WOULD BE JIM BELUSHI... NATIVE SON AND HONORARY BLUES BROTHER... HIS PERSONA PERFECTLY SUMS UP THE CHICAGO SELF-IMAGE: A BIG UGLY, LOUD, OBNOXIOUS, BEER-DRINKING LOWBROW WITH "COMMON SENSE" AND A "HEART OF GOLD!"



WALK IN ANY BAR ON THE NORTH SIDE OF CHICAGO AND YOU'LL SEE HALF A DOZEN BELUSHI-TYPES HANGING OUT... THEY'RE AS USUALLY AS THE PEANUT SHELLS THEY REPLACED.



TODAY, THIS WHOLE THING IS, IF ANYTHING, SIMPLY MORE PRONOUNCED. OBNOXIOUSNESS SEEMS TO BE THE KEY ELEMENT, AS LOCAL CULTURE IS TAILORED TO APPEAL TO THE BELUSHI-GUY...



THERE ARE COMEDY CLUBS, BOORISH, PHONY "TELL-IT-LIKE-IT-IS" TALK RADIO STATIONS AND BLUES CLUBS WHERE ALL-WHITE UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS AUDIENCES WHO IMAGINE THEMSELVES TO HAVE "SOUL" LIKE TO CONGREGATE...



BUT NOT THE HELL...THE PEOPLE I'M REFERRING TO ARE PROBABLY MOSTLY FROM THE SUBURBS OR HICKS FROM DOWNSTATE ANYWAY... AND GOD KNOWS THERE ARE STILL PLENTY OF REASONS TO LIVE IN CHICAGO...



LIKE, FOR INSTANCE, THIS WACKY BEETLE BAILEYISH FACE PAINTED ON AN ABANDONED HOT DOG SHACK ON NORTH LAVALLE STREET...



OR THE "HOUSE OF BORIS"...



